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"BUD"

"JUNIOR"

## STEELE'S PANSY GARDENS

PORTLAND, OREGON



### Anything Doing? Yes!

Howdy Folks:

I hope you know "Bud"—he is Donald, our youngest son: all the garden staff, including myself, take off our hats to him as the supreme critic of all those points that make a fine pansy. He is that rare type of humanity that will never be accused of "talking too much". How I wish you could see his test gardens!

He walked into the office one morning over two years ago. "Pop, we've gotta get busy." "Busy? Aren't we working ten or twelve hours a day? I'm busy all the time." "Yes, but you don't get me. Have you noticed the wearing apparel of the girls on the streets and in the hotels and theaters?" "No, son, I can't say that I notice the girls as much as you do." "Well, then, maybe you've noticed how their mothers dress." "Yes, they look very nifty, I should say they look O. K."

"Sure, they do. But maybe you take a look at their grandmothers as they go by. Did you see that grand dame in the rose parade with the orange colored sport roadster decorated with Pernet roses to match her hat?" "I'll say I noticed her, and the bobbed hair and powdered nose. But, boy, what a job you're wishing on us."

"Your idea is that we must have all these brilliant colors the ladies are using so that the pansies they grow will blend with the ensembles they wear? That's a fine idea, but tell me—in this year of 1927—when are we to get a peep at these ensemble pansies?" "Pop, you know we already have some good ones, but next year it will be **just too bad** if we don't show you some of those new rainbow shades, and here's another job for you: We'll need a color plate of these 1928 flowers so that our customers from Missouri, or anywhere else, can see what ensemble pansies really are."

Did "Bud" produce those promised flowers for 1928? He certainly did; and Dad had the time of his life putting over the color plate job.

And now another son enters the picture—it's "Junior," "E. J., Jr.," our production manager at the ranch, and also the father of our grandson, Thomas E. Steele, aged 3 years, and since he now manages his parents quite efficiently, in later years he should be able to conduct the pansy business successfully. But "Junior" is mentioned here because he is largely responsible for some pansies grown and exhibited in 1929 having a diameter of more than four inches.

Out there in the pasture is a team of powerful dapple gray horses—"Roxie and Dan can pull anything that is loose at both ends," say the boys. Those two sons of ours—how they do work together. Yes, they can pull anything that is loose at both ends in the pansy game.

Is it any wonder that we are getting somewhere? "Every day in every way" we are making our pansies—better—much better. Please join me—Here's to ensemble pansies!

Our best wishes to you, and all our booster friends and customers.

Cordially yours,

*E. J. Steele.*  
Manager

